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Alchemy in the atomic age

by

Andrew Judge

A thesis submitted to the graduate faculty
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

Major: English

Program of Study Committee:
Debra Marquart, Major Professor
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Iowa State University

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Calcination

It is not possible to tickle yourself. The cerebellum warns the rest of the brain and it ignores the resulting sensation.

Once a human reaches the age of 35 they start losing approximately 7,000 brain cells a day. The cells will never be replaced.

People who ride on roller coasters have a higher chance of having a blood clot in the brain.

A human head remains conscious for about 15 to 20 seconds after it is been decapitated.

The average four year-old child asks over four hundred questions a day.

In proportion, if Jupiter were a basketball, the sun would be the size of the Louisiana Super Dome.

45% of Americans don't know that the sun is a star.

Children laugh about 400 times a day, while adults laugh on average only 15 times a day.

Saturday Morning Science

The science man was on Nickelodeon
at dawn. I sat down
aspiring astronaut
lured in by the space shuttle
that released his name like a satellite
at the beginning of the show.
I thought the old scientist would walk on the moon.

I never saw a moon walk on Mr. Wizard's World
but he had me hooked when he taught me to build a rocket
with baking soda and vinegar fuel
melt plastic with a magnifying glass
find time with the shadow
of a pencil on a paper plate.

Mr. Wizard's experiments were charmed.
The master of Saturday morning science--
he was an Alchemist inviting
each apprentice to experience a new world
transformed like the rocket fuel fizzing
and sputtering out the mouth of my Pepsi shuttle.

R2-D2

My aunt had a model
with a shiny dome
and so many
secret doors
in the sides of his body
holding artoo's
special tools.

Opening him up--
holding his astromech
welding torch
extending and retracting
his computer interface arm--
wasn't enough.

I had to pull him apart
bit by plastic bit
inside his clockwork innards
looking for the magic mechanism
that moved tools to the exact spot
where they were needed
to save the day.

Sensor

Radio waves are light
at a lower frequency
with troughs and crests
as long as a house.
I've heard
the music they carry
in their swell
but my eyes have never
seen even one of the thousands
that must crash
into my face every day.

I don't have the right
receiver for that
sort of light.
No need to
I guess
I don't eat
anything that transmits
long light waves
like the pit viper
who can see
infrared emissions
from the heat
of its victims.

Love in the LHC

Every 90 microseconds
I spun around the ring
indefatigable and determined
to spin all the seconds of my life
no neutrons or electrons
to slow me down
never paired with a superpartner

I was a positively charged particle baby
A lone proton

You spun round the bend
like primordial light
shot from the fingertips
of the first cause

Exotic chaotic positronic
glowing your little ionized glow
and the superconducting magnets
were accelerating you
right at me

No algorithm could have predicted
the result of our collision
the change in our quantum properties
before we dissolved
into pure energy

Reality TV

european enchanters
eavesdropping on the future
saw speaking stones
women's trousers
swimming ships
and steel birds
must have seen television
in their crystal balls and
stumbled down from
the rafters smashing
a jar of newt eyes
shaking with laughter

viewed at a distance
by wild druid warriors
watching the future
in high definition
nostradamus clarity
perplexed at the masses
of witchy voyeurs
each unseen other
watching us watch
shit like Survivor
and Big Brother

Anachronistic Alchemy

Under the light of his oil lamp
Roger Bacon divined visions
of flying machines bending wind
lenses bending light
before the obsession
with base metal transmutation.

Filling his flasks with ink
he transmuted his thoughts
onto fine vellum
painting the landscapes he traveled
the coded murals of his imagination.

A thousand years later
his ideas transmuted
into the physical realm.
Airplane, light bulb,
ballpoint pen
were all ideas first
existing as electric flashes
in the neurons.
The tank rolled through
Divinci's head long before
the fields of France felt
its terrible thunder.

The Neolithic Cow with the Bullet in its Brow

The mystery lay cold inside the ground
in the old auroch's dusty mind,
a hole a caveman couldn't make so round

Dr. Chi Pen Lao was astounded
in the Hohlan Mountain caves he hadn't expected to find
gunshots, bullet holes deep underground

Has proof of advanced ancient civilizations been found
or are cranial perforations natural in the bovine
a hole in its brow so perfectly Remington round

A neat circular hole the size of a .44
Ballistic precision of only the modern kind
mysteriously found 105 feet beneath modern ground

A Neolithic cow killed by a .44 sounds
like travel through time,
but maybe cavemen weren't the only ones around

Questions like hominid hunters surround
the hole that opened the auroch's mind
Will the answers be found inside the ground
in a hole a caveman couldn't make so round?

A Cookie Monster's Modest Proposal

everyone just needs to give me a cookie
that's what all the worlds problems are about
they suffer because they leave me without
handing me a raisin oatmeal with frosting

economic crisis are diverted by banana nut
war ends with chocolate raspberry
planes crash because pretty girls walk by me
but don't toss a wink and a butter pecan

mosquitoes, atomic bombs, and chicken pox
would disappear if a truck full of chocolate chip
dumped a chewy chocolate waterfall into my garage

whole kingdoms have fallen for want of an oreo
lepers are cured with one bite of tasty lemon

Dissolution

A hawk's vision is so good it can see a mouse from a height of one mile.

A seagull can drink salt water because it has special glands that filter out the salt.

An adult lion's roar is so loud, it can be heard up to five miles away.

During World War II, Russians used dogs strapped with explosives to blow up German tanks. They trained the dogs to associate the tanks with food and ended up destroying about 25 German tanks using this method.

A mother hen turns her egg approximately 50 times in a day. This is so the yolk does not stick to the shell.

When the only queen ant dies, so does the entire colony, because no new workers are born.

A cockroach can change directions up to 25 times in a second.

A chicken with red earlobes will produce brown eggs and a chicken with white earlobes will produce white eggs.

The Alchemist's Wife

They asked that I weigh my words carefully
witness for the inquisition tribuneral
they could be the chimes of his salvation
or the bells of his funeral

Our union was planned like a dance
Sun and the Moon twirling together
rolling around the Earth
spinning around the same axis
partners in the grand parade
blessed, betrothed, and married
a student of astrology
and an expert on Catholic Theology

Soon our shared sacred breath
was befouled with occult words
his lips spoke a twisted rhyme that
curled every kiss into a curse
making vulgar what was divine.
He called Earth round and in rotation--
claimed Christ a transmutation--
questioned the holy doctrine
of transubstantiation.

He used no quicksilver, lead, or sulfur--
his voice was the object of operation.
Tempting the darkness with his song
he filled his flask with the devil's venom
made a black cathedral of our home
desecrating us with chanted incantation
Defended his blasphemy as experimentation.

If gold and silver were your expectations
the dark rites manifested neither one
but conjured a power more fearsome.
Words that weave the pattern of creation
song that move Earth, Moon, and Sun.

Transmutation Machines

The alchemists found lead
was too stable
like St. Peter's foundation
set in hard Italian stone
and an old saint's bones
it could not be moved
with simple chemicals

It would take the Philosopher's stone
magic rock and holy relic
to make the transformation
from corruptible lead
to immortal gold
a power so great
it was like harnessing
the hand of God

Inside the circle of
Seaborg's accelerator
a particle was sent to
remove four protons
from a bismuth nucleus
cutting the wings
from the fly in the cathedral
like an insect autopsy

Alchemist's Creed

time is measurement
of movement
velocities of spinning bodies
counting waves
as they build
toward the great atrocity

and time
is part of the game

matter is anything
hanging in space
shaking
spinning
falling
exploding out
from the center of being

and matter
is part of the game

space is nothing
and everything
in between
the hanging orbs
and vibrating chords
web of matter
mystery of emptiness

and space
is part of the game

causation is movement
great round rocks cross
the void smashing
through nothing
into everything
two forces pushing
against eternity

each position marking
a new moment

and causation
is part of the game

I am nothing
at the core
center
behind the eyes
blankness
filling everything
face behind each
player

and I am the master of the game

Lifting the X-wing

that is why you fail
 he said to me after
 the little green Buddha
 lifted the bird
 big as a banyan tree
 a mental pulley
 ghost ropes wrapped
 around the hull
 impossible
 I said he could never

 but he did

 star fighters
 stuck in despair
 the inevitable mud
 sucking hope
 from the bottom
 rung
 mysteriously rise
 because of the little green
 believers
 realists fail
 under their own rational
 weight
 give in to grim odds willingly
 while invisible wisps appear
 inflating like aerial life rafts
 tiny anomalies drifting in eternity giant
 stream of possibility wrinkled with uncertainty

This is the Truth, the Whole and Certain Truth Without a Word
of Lie

From shaggy mountaintops to wind-blown meadows teeming
the Word has wrapped itself around this world like a snake
squeezing slowly ever-so-slightly tighter against its chest
seeding its everlasting hunger to speak
and be spoken to.

That which is above is as that which is below.
A projection of energy concocted in the night under dark clouds
before light begins to show through puffy bodies
All that is appears again to the waking eyes of the alchemist.
Anything that's anything out of nothing and everything.

Thus are accomplished the miracles of the One.
Magic as simple as rising bread and just as vital.
All things come from the One
through the mediation of the One--
its painful sacrifice of unity--
the rending of the Void--
Logos moved against the darkness
churning out fire, air, water, and earth.

So all things are created by this One Thing through adaptation.
Transformation of self is the basic goal of all creation.

Qin Shi Huangdi

dad said he must have been into the potatoes
found the spade stuck in the ground
hacked up white heads scattered around the blade
he would have been boozed up of course
drunkenly making fried potatoes

it was less than a month since he left dry out
and he was already buying cases of bud light
dodging disapproving glances at hy-vee
hammer choking can after can
back in the dim light of the trailer

two weeks later my dad found him
he was wrapped in a blanket on the kitchen floor
like he made his bed where he passed out

dad said he looked peaceful
probably sleeping off whatever he was doing
the night before
left him on the floor to dream away the hangover
but wondered about the lack of a snore

it was hydrocodone
or some other strong pain killer
brewing a black potion with the beer in his stomach
toxic as the elixir of everlasting life
that Chinese emperor drank
careless but effective alchemy

Goat

It could have been constructed
by a whirlwind
blowing through a junkyard
the way it looked when I got it.

The windshield wipers
lost time smacking into each other
quantum fluctuations in the tailpipe
causing small explosions
alternator losing its bearings
refused to hold any energy.

Once it roared with the power of a billion
suns bright in a stage of
early atomic fusion
in '70 it was still wound tight
and rolled down Midwest roads
with a fresh 550 under the hood.

Eventually it would collide
with a lower entropy alien universe
(and hopefully better insurance)
be consumed or obliterated
scrapped or smashed.

Mightiest muscle
in the solar system
designed to shine life into
a dimming existence
and crude crisis.

Welded together with fate
wired with karma
greased by God himself.

Coatlicue

In wonder the Mayans must have watched her
from the center of her arm they gazed
at the goddess who birthed them
the mother who would one day
call them home to her
timeless embrace

Could careful eyes over many nights
notice her heart surrounded
with spiral arms that reach
like the hands of a clock
toward the passing time

Would they be able to tell she was
ticking away each cosmic hour
marking each child's birth and death
with her deep eternal eye

How did they know the dark rift
stretching across the sky
is the long path of her birth canal
and also the dark road xibalba be
back into the underworld of her womb

No special lenses were needed
they saw it all with wide eyes
stuck on a spinning rock
so far away her light
would not reach in their lifetime

They got a much better look at First Father the sun
could feel his whip on their backs
or his kiss when they were cold

They watched how he wobbled around us
and how Coyolxauhqui danced with him
across the dirt floor of the night
turning her face to mark the steps
keeping time with each rotation

If they stared long enough to name
all of Earth's sisters
could feel First Father's heartbeat
listened to the moon's rhythmic tune
could Mama Milky Way have
whispered her name into their ears

Separation

In 1982, a giant saguaro cactus in Phoenix, Arizona killed a man after he fired shotgun blasts at it. The cactus ended up falling on top of him.

The world's oldest rose is located in Hildesheim Cathedral in Germany and is thought to be over 1,000 years old.

The titan arum flower is the largest flower in the world and gives off a horrible odor that smells like rotting flesh when it blooms.

Touching and stroking a plant will aid in it growing healthy.

One gallon of used motor oil can ruin approximately one million gallons of fresh water.

One billion seconds is about 32 years.

A colony of bees have to fly almost fifty-five thousand miles and tap two million flowers to make one pound of honey.

Studies have shown that classical music helps cows produce more milk.

The First Time I Played Frogger

exploring the edge of the forest behind my house
when I was six years old
I found a frog
or maybe it was a toad
at the time
I didn't know the difference

I brought him inside and set the frog
on the green felt of my dad's pool table
since it was green and probably seemed
like home to the little fellow

standing on my tiptoes I rolled the balls
back and forth across the table
trying to be random
to give the frog a chance
to flop his fat body out of the way

the frog won for a while
hopping left and right from
bumper to bumper avoiding
the nine
now the six
but eventually the eight ball got him
black sphere
bouncing off his pudding body
he kept moving
slower
as each ball rolled
into and over him

finally the fifteen
banked out of the corner
sent the frog spinning
over the rail and onto the floor
I ran over to him
on his back
tongue hanging out
protruding white belly
green arms tucked in at his sides

picked him up
set him back on the table
started poking him in the side
but his lives had run out

Frogger (after the game is over)

my dad helped me bury the frog
watched as I dug a shallow grave for my unlucky playmate
told me to give the frog over to the ground honorably
never disturb the grave after the digging is done

of course I disobeyed dad's warning
went back to dig the frog up a week later
cleared dirt from the dry shell
I found the frog was not alone
the citizens of the ground had come to celebrate
and welcome the frog to their world

Hypochondria

1

My cousin Matt said he wanted to be writer.
When he was seven he explained to my
four year old brain
imagination
stuff you make up he said
“Pretend you’re Batman
I’ll be Captain America
in the ravine we’ll fight ninjas
to protect the Hall of Justice.”
To me it looked like hastily
nailed together sheets of plywood.
“Adjust your eyes
see the white stone walls
black wraiths attacking
from every side.”

Packed dirt became
marble floors
crawling with ninjas
side by side we shadowbox
through the Hall of Justice
each punch seeming more real
landing on shrouded faces
I could almost feel.

2

Tummy aches were easiest
for me to create.
They could appear at recess
after kickball. I’d worry
an injury into my tummy
with any cause available.
I could make poison cheerios
seem plausible,
a kickball to the head
quickly became another
aneurism I knew could

just come out of nowhere
 doing whatever aneurisms did
 and you end up dead.

3

Standing in my basement
 seven years old
 with a puddle of water at my feet
 I grabbed the conduit cover
 of an exposed hanging outlet.
 Electricity grabbed hold of me
 begged me to join it
 held tight until I pulled free.
 Terrified
 red arm shaking
 I ran
 feet practically smoking
 to my dad on the sofa.
 He could protect me
 from the grasping hand
 of electricity.

From then on
 my head assimilated ailments
 like silly putty with
 bits of pocket lint
 festering all over.
 Sores
 no amount of scratching
 could rub off.
 A sticky web of sickness.
 Conditions my teachers
 never believed possible.
 They mocked my distress
 denying my request to go home.
 "But bowels have burst
 exploding poop
 into my stomach
 I can feel it."
 On Rescue 911 I heard it happened
 to some poor kid in Washington

death mushrooming through his innards.
 She told me to take my seat.

Reeling from the shock
 death became real.
 Something I had
 touched and
 felt run
 through my body
 unexpectedly.
 If death could be
 in the walls of the basement
 where else does it hide?
 Spike-studded deathtraps
 started appearing everywhere.
 Grasping pits like the Sarlaac in Star Wars
 they threatened to digest my consciousness
 for seven years
 until Matt died.

4

Crushed as I was
 something changed.
 All the monsters
 left my closet
 when death arrived.
 Real death.
 Not the kind that
 leaves you burned
 bleeding or terrified
 the kind that makes you
 gone.
 Off to
 God knows where
 but certainly not writing
 or being an architect.
 If he could go
 I was not afraid to follow.

5

Long before my two big shocks
I asked an old neighbor lady
if there were apples in heaven.
“Oh yes, everything.”
she said
“The reddest apples
streets paved in gold
as bright as you can imagine
all leading
to the great Hall of Justice
where God sits
waiting.”

Unreliable Memories

I have mickey mouse bed sheets on my twin bed
pushed against the wall in my room
I am too young to care how old I am
sleeping like a lion cub
dreaming about chasing a gazelle

but a shadow falls over the dreamscape
eclipsing the gazelle
I'm back in my bedroom
the bed is below me
I'm floating above it
and I can't move

I begin to float through the wall
still stiff as if asleep
feet first through the hallway
then the living room
the kitchen and finally
outside on the deck
tilting rigidly down the stairs
to the end of the sidewalk
where I stop

the force
holds me there
staring through the trees in our front yard
into the southern night sky

a voice begins to speak
vibrating my body
with its robotic tones
I can hear her voice
reverberating in my head
even now
but I can't remember the words
not any more

they were lost
along with the location of all my buried treasure
including my mom's graduation pendant

Locked Windows

he rushes in she is
crouched in the kitchen
dark hair spilling down her back
as she feeds his baby brother

surprised to see him awake so early
she asks if he slept okay
he runs up beside her
asks her to chase the ghosts away

she laughs and turns from the baby's seat
nothing will get you I'm sitting right here
you're safe from even the scariest monster
I won't let them get you

he shivers squats by her side
keep away from the windows
he warns her
don't let them see you
they might come inside

the doors and the windows are all locked
she insists
you're safe in the house

he keeps having fits

that doesn't matter
the five year old calls
mom you don't understand
they can come through the walls

Forever in the Face of the Moon

Her face in my mind is like the moonlight on the water
In my dreams she's a butterfly and I've never caught her

My thoughts wrap around her
like a wounded child in my arms
Trying not to let go,
wanting to protect her from harm

Her fragile face floats
motionless in a locked crystal jar
Leading my steps
like the steady light of a guiding star

I need her assuring embrace
and ache to make her mine
To prolong our encounters,
to be with me for all time

time is an invention

an attempt to control the vastness of eternity
a moment is all we can gauge with certainty

if time had a remote control
I would like to rewind
and maybe pause occasionally
if I could I would find

the moment
when I reached out and caught her
pulled our faces together
and gazed at the moon on the water

Waste Isolation Pilot Plant

This place is not a place of honor
it is not the tomb of a great king
the things it contains are not valuable
cut stones sitting in the dark waiting
for you to reunite them with their sparkle
shiny ore kept hidden in the ground
without stamp of currency
damn fool
these rocks shoot death rays
sizzle life away without a sound
those lead walls aren't meant to reject you
prevent you from the goodies inside
they protect thieves like you
from being fricasseed

the symbol on the door is no angel
the door says
death
to all who enter here
written in every language they knew
ten thousand years ago
the people who inhabited the long dead
leaning ruins where the word Carlsbad
is stamped like a death sentence
on the head of everything still standing
people capable of shaping stone into thorn
trees like a forest around the WIPP
to discourage curious humans
after the great collapse

this is where the ancients came to bury their sins
a place where the end of their sacrilege begins
hole dug deep enough to hide a murdered god
or a godlike murderer
when poison was anointed by priests
wearing the mask of a faceless destroyer
false angel branded backs fading
into the past like the ghosts in the WIPP
biting the lead walls with invisible teeth
half-life slowly ebbing back into earth

harmless after another ten thousand years
if idiots like you will stay out
this is not a place of honor

Approaching Torches

these days there are rumors of invasion
whispering within underground networks
wired together across continents
listeners hear familiar stories
torches drifting in the night fog

watchmen step forward holding
wayward arrows carved from rare stone

ridicule is the answer from behind the city walls
no governor concedes ground to the watchmen
tall tales belong in a barroom not a courthouse
fairy lights and shiny rocks are no cause for alarm
city people are too busy to fret over imaginary invasions

the watchmen are laughed back to the country
heaving sighs of pity for the visually impaired
difficult to see with city lights glowing
too stubborn to go with watchmen to mountain passes
if invasion came they'd die in squirming masses

the watchmen keep the borderland
broadcasting movements in the night fog and markings
on the earth unfamiliar symbols dismissed
adolescent pranks animals found cut in foul ways
lay dead in fields officials assumed the children
before the children were taken

Conjunction

There are over 1,000,000 swimming pools in Florida, even though the ocean is no farther than 80 miles away

During World War II, the 2nd Polish Corps had a brown bear named Wojtek, who helped move boxes of ammunition during the battle of Monte Cassino.

Silk was developed in China where it was kept a secret for more than two thousands years. Anyone found trying to smuggle silkworm eggs or cocoons out of the country was immediately put to death.

For more than 3,000 years, Carpenter ants have been used to close wounds in India, Asia and South America.

In World War II, a malfunctioning toilet sank the German submarine U-120.

Annually, the amount of garbage that is dumped in the world's oceans is three times the weight of fish caught from the oceans.

Every year approximately 2,500 left-handed people are killed using objects or machinery designed for right-handed people.

Paper money is not made from wood pulp but from cotton. This means that it will not disintegrate as fast if it is put in the laundry.

A farmer's prayer upon finding a mutilated cow

sun god
of summer
beat down
on my back
brown my neck
burn my skin
beet blood red
just pumped
to the outer reaches
of the fingers
bound together
begging you
to burn sight
from the big black
eyes of the bastards
who dropped this
cow cut with
high heat
rectum cored out
from a cold white
imitation sun
into a cow-shaped
crater covered in
fallen pine branches
pericardium intact
but missing one
very large heart

Gespensterfeld Elves

“I want to believe” groans the cult
 of the gray-skinned pixies
 as they scan the skies
 for saucers
 filled with snake-eyed proctologists.

Like cunning cartoon villains
 they snatch human specimen
 while they sleep
 leaving no evidence
 of nocturnal violations,
 suck cow hearts
 from cow chests
 no trace of incisions,
 sketch sacred geometry
 in the wheat fields near Glastonbury.

Self-Transforming Machine Elves
 McKenna called the
 creatures he encountered
 in his many trips to the DMT dimension--
 flickering fairies dancing
 out of the medieval mind
 these gobliny grays
 are reclaiming their archaic place
 in our postmodern present tense
 playing tricks on a paradigm
 where they don't make sense.

Playing Halo on Xbox Live

I wonder what those chess players of old would think
if they knew it could be played on a screen
broadcast around the world
24 hours a day
unending pretend war
over nothing

Instead of taking pieces
we're powning newbs
shrieking teenagers with assault rifles
and rocket launchers
millions of Master Chief kings
check mating the shit out of each other

The Force

how does the double helix know
that's the way it should grow
and just where all the amino acids go

how does the shamrock know
where to dip its head
to find the suns glow

that's where magic
and mitochondria collide

seat where thoughts reside
and instinctually decide
a lion guard his pride

the same forces flow
between the moon and the sea
tugging the water constantly

fingers of gravity
on the hand of universal energy
that flows through you and me

and energy remembers

Thich Quang Duc

Napalm passion soaks your skin
the match ignites benevolent light
fueled by your flesh

At an intersection in downtown Saigon
cars stop, men vomit, women scream
you only crackle

Placid as a pipal tree
unwavering as any wooden Buddha
resting in a lotus flower
lit on fire

Watch
if your feet walk the eightfold path
there is a signal fire in Saigon
flickering mantra
of the iron heart monk

A-musician

Music has lifted catatonic survivors
of an encephalitis outbreaks out of their chairs
to sing and dance like department store mannequins
come to life.

A man struck by lightning rose
from the burnt ground with music in his head
waking like a mad phantom every night thereafter
to compose a symphony.

There is no music center in the brain
the neurons keep the notes spread across the cortex
but my sheet music slipped off the cerebral piano and left me
with the sound of banging keys.

I've heard Beethoven's 5th and it sounds like a hammer
banging a piece of sheet metal in the rain. So when it rains I take my hammer
and my metal up the hill, trying to hear a symphony.

Burn-proof Billy

Billy was built of wood and straw
in the Swedish city of Gavle.

Impressive Scandinavian Yule goat
Billy stood forty feet tall
and every year the Swedish children
would rush to see who could be the first
to light Billy on fire.

The Gavle Goat Committee
was in an uproar. They could find
no fire retardant strong enough
to keep Billy's straw coat from burning.
Chemicals wash out with the rain
or children burn it out with petrol.

Seven times in ten years
poor Billy suffered flames
from the red ribbons on his hooves
to his festively illuminated horns.

Gavle police installed a surveillance system to catch the arsonists
but all the cameras saw
on Billy's last day that December were
flaming arrows hitting his hindquarters.

Officers called to the scene
as flames spread up Billy's brown back
claimed Santa Claus
and the Gingerbread Man
were seen fleeing the scene
with archery equipment in hand.

Freddy Klaffmo
Alchemist from Fiberprotector
called the committee offering a chemical used in cosmonaut space suits.

When faced with fire
Noflan molecules
expand like air bags

forming a protective shell
around Billy's straw coat.
Separating flame from fuel.
A second treatment
of a fluoropolymer
would stop the rain from washing
the alchemist's concoction away.

When the arsonist archers returned
they found Billy would not burn.

Experiment in Newton's Third Law of Motion, 1943

what better time for Oppenheimer
 and his crew of bomb-building patriots
 to begin work on the design for fat man
 as millions boarded trains
 bound for dark Babylonian lands
 physicists put together sketches
 in the new Jerusalem
 theoretical attempts to slice plutonium-240
 eventually settling on the belle of trinity
 iron egg of ultimate destruction

implosion slamming the shell
 into a plutonium-240 yolk
 slabs of iron compressed
 crash followed by a squeezing crunch
 big enough to create a dense critical mass
 starting a nuclear chain reaction
 mushroom cloud final solution

for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction

four years after he synthesized LSD-25 from ergot
 Albert Hoffman dreamt about the shelved molecule
 deemed useless as a yolkless egg
 its structure appearing in his dreams
 unwanted but relentless
 like a ghost child begging to be conceived
 he finally synthesized it again in 1943
 leading to accidental ingestion
 the first acid trip ever
 misunderstood as madness
 then Hoffman intentionally took 250 micrograms
 a whopping test dose big enough to induce
 mental critical mass
 the crushing weight of reality
 imploding psychological crash
 shooting his soul to the ceiling
 where he viewed his body like a corpse
 starting a spiritual chain reaction
 mind-melting final solution

Fermentation

On May 9, 1999 approximately 600,000 gallons of whiskey flowed into the Kentucky River during a fire at Wild Turkey Distillery in Lawrenceburg.

It is estimated that at any one time, 0.7% of the world's population is drunk.

Wasps that feed on fermented fruit occasionally get drunk and pass out.

Blue Jays can imitate the calls of hawks.

In order to scare away predators, Giant petrels, a type of seabird, throw up all over the intruder.

Bees can communicate with other bees by dancing. Their dance can alert other bees as to which direction and the distance nectar and pollen is located.

In the United States birds and planes collided more than 22,000 times between the years of 1990 and 1998.

Archeologists report that cannabis was most likely the first plant cultivated by humans. Cannabis was used for linen, paper, and garments.

Operation: Sunny Side

All the inmates at Sunny Side refuse
to take the medicine
shouting curses at the nurses
and rubbing shit in their hair.
The med boycott became a riot
ignited by one wily schizoid
wheelchair-bound but quick
with his hands he drew pictures
of monkeys on operating tables
transplanted robot brains
in their exposed skulls.

The monkeys would be awake
in these scenes some with eyes
that burned fierce as the surgical saw
screaming banana-scented
hate at the faceless doctors.
Others--their heads gaped
ready for the blinking metal apparatus
droopy eyed
muffin faced
soon to be cyborg chimps
struck the doped population of Sunny Side
as a damn good depiction of the
droopy eyed
muffin faced
person that lives in the bathroom mirror.

The hospital staff
no sympathy for the shit-slinging howlers
called in the SWAT
(who can't stand smeared shit either).
They gassed the loony fucks.

Acid Wash

Once I dropped
two tabs of Acid
then walked down the street
to get a spicy chicken sandwich
from Wendy's.

When I pulled the bills
out of my pocket
to pay
they were wrinkled
like laundry stuck at
the bottom of the basket
forgotten t-shirts
I hadn't worn for weeks.

What a sucker the clerk was
trading me that delicious
chicken sandwich
for a handful of old
wrinkled t-shirts
too small for him to wear.

The Dark Side

holding a red lazer sword
Anakin
killing sand people
for fun
grinning
as he slaughtered
sand children
with nowhere to run

lost in the thick
of the night
fading
demons cutting
symbols
into my skin
black ritual
hideous sin

I believed in you
ate your bitter fruit
looking for truth
got drunk
on the wine
from your vine

you ate the meat
from my bones
led me into your home
gave me a seat
on your throne

once a holy man
now I can hardly stand
to look at myself
in the mirror

zealot becomes terrorist
priest becomes pedophile
its an endless list
of souls in exile

the holiest among us
have the farthest to fall
the saints who lose focus
become the darkest
sinners of all

You Know that DVD The Secret?

No
well maybe people may know of it
because its about
manifestation
and how to ask and

create yur future

from the law of attraction
its kinda like the divine teaching
of the masters

where you just
I guess you believe you have
what you want from your heart
as if its here already
before it arrives and

so

I'm just so
very very
confused

between
letting go and
letting god
surrendering to
gods will
my will
roswell

because they tell you to
do your bliss
do your bliss
do your bliss
like from your heart

because in life there's
alotta growth

and I don't understand
too
about like
karma

and I always believed there were
past lives n things

you know
well
I called their prayer lines
well there was a movie made
sold at the
Full Circle Book Store
and there was a DVD
and it showed how
people
like a lady who healed herself
from breast cancer
she just believed in gratitude
that it was gone
and like
Norman Cousins watched movies and
funny movies and
raised her vibration

and it was gone

and about people attracting their dreams
so

they say
live as if its already here and
then put the vibrations and
I had
in the past
have to do that
to live like that before

i
would
just

ask
god
and

release

like prayer to me was just
constipated consternation

I'm not a religion
I'm just a human
who's almost homeless on the street

cause if someone doesn't help me I might
sssssss lose it

all I care about is my body
and my cat
I let go of fear
and that's very difficult
in my case
I don't wanna live in fear
its the worst vibration

it's a little different
in different groups of belief but
meanwhile
I didn't know i'd say all that but
that DVD The Secret
its very popular

The UFO Guy

What do you think, do you believe in UFOs?

oh
 oh yeah
 yes sir
 definitely
 they're out there man
 I seen um
 I been out there
 aurora texas
 yeah
 they got them little
 graves n stuff
 yeah I been out there
 and
 I dunno
 I'm plannin a trip
 I'm plannin a trip
 uh
 we goin out to like
 arizona or something
 and figure somethin out
 or
 not arizona what was it
 yeah it was arizona right
 that air force one where they found all that stuff
 I got pictures of aurora
 I seen grave sites
 they're out there man and
 I'm flaying in a plane
 I'm always hallucinating
 but
 who really knows what I'm lookin at
 you know what I'm saying

Yeah, okay, but there's no proof. Just people's accounts.

yur right
 there's no proof
 but there's no proof of

Jesus
or
you know
people goin to the restroom until they tell ya about it
you know what I mean
that's just kinda the way I see things

Alright, so you believe it then?

oh definitely
definitely

Do you think they're little green men?

no little green men sir

Well what do you think there is out there?

who knows dude
they could be made of water
I don't even know

Water?

water man
you heard the man
water
they could be made of anything
extertesstial

Extraterrestrial, you mean.

extratresstial

Extraterrestrial.

extraterrestrial

There ya go.

Burning Buddah

Last night I fought a kung fu battle
with the ghost of marijuana
the spirit of cannibus
some sorta blue-green
Jackie Chan motherfucker
moved me
pushed me
palms against my chest
into the corner
his face so close I could smell
the weed on his breath
his mouth opened
asking who I was
to wave my finger at him
accusingly
I must have been so high
the dank specter
with blood shot banshee eyes
warned I better back the fuck up
before something bad happened
when weed came at me
arms spinning like spaghetti
my heart started thumping
my hands got all sweaty
reefer clocked me with a right
dropped me with a roundhouse
kick to the face
screaming accusations
in strange languages
laughed at me
shaking like a strung out stoner
blew smoke in my face
arms spinning like a madman
in a marijuana haze
mumbling the same mantra
“you musta been out your head”
why would I blame him for
lack of motivation
or black lungs
weed said he was guilty

of tenacity
an attraction only
growing stronger
each time we connect
“how could you be weed wrecked
I am salvation
escape from the bullshit
you humans wade in
ignorant sows lifted
out of the slop
with one puff of the pot”
he was throwing down
the green gauntlet
I took the dare
danced with the devil
fought the cannabis creature
shaking hands
suddenly steady
green eyes
red but ready
shot a cross kick at him
he blocked it
socked me with a
smoking sidekick
spun around
for a whirlwind back heel
but he whiffed it
purple eyes blazing
I rolled
fast a spliff
away from his ass
he was there when I got up
hemp teleportation technique
the joint got passed
back to me
another sidekick connected
targeting my kidneys
I tried to focus my chi
struck him with a straight punch
all my body behind it
he attacked again
I blocked a back fist

countered with a quick kick
square in the bong master's balls
he came back at me
but I popped the
grinning bastard so hard
it gave me the munchies
weed wraith went down
didn't expect a left crescent
crunching down on his head
cold cocked cannabis
I thought it was over
but the little shit
scissor kicked me back down
drug me into another round
fists flying all over me
while I was on the ground
he melted
out of his fighting stance
into a lotus position
suddenly placid he produced pipe
packed the bowl with dank buds
the smell of reefer mixed
with the blood from my lip
I got up and cock my arm back
ready to clock him
thats when he revealed his secret weapon
"energy flows where attention goes"
the buddha intoned between hits
"with every strike I grow stronger
the only way to achieve victory
pull away from my tractor beam
and escape this weed reality
is to forget about me"

Tao of Mathematics

interpret an equation
age old endeavor
discovering essential nature
delving into a world
beyond surface description
lifting the partition
still center without season
formulated in a consistent
predictable framework

clear definitions
unambiguous connections
elegant reflections
of Pythagorean philosophy
differentiated and well defined
interface integrating
nature and the human mind
ancient cartographer
mapping each continent
of the unknown world

one species of proof
repeatability of experience
essential to musical training
familiar patterns remaining
after the moment is gone
enchanted chords
transforming the notes
into a song

Tabasco Fiasco

It started in New York at an Irish pub
a few blocks from the hotel
a little pizza place next door
and a bottle of Tabasco sauce left on the bar.
Soon Tabasco covered every meal me
and my roommate ate.
A fire started
and quenched in our stomachs.
Pints of beer washing watery red sauce
off our fish and chips,
dripping hamburgers with orange fries,
beer-battered shrimp dipped in Tabasco
mashed potatoes with Tabasco gravy
spilling over the side like lava
down a white volcano.
A dangerous addiction to distilled vinegar
red pepper and salt
absolutely toxic when mixed with stomach acid
and a quart of whiskey
as my roommate discovered
when the doctors were sewing his ulcer shut.

Learning to Fall

gravity reaches up
offers its hand
pulls me down
left arm extended
crescent at my center
bony bow
rolls on the ground
like a pen over
a blank sheet
an opportunity
to scribble up
spin around
face your opponent

Distillation

In order to mate, a male deep sea anglerfish will bite a female when he finds her. The male will never let go and will eventually merge his body into the female and spend the rest of his life inside the female mate. The males internal organs will disappear apart from the testes that are needed for breeding.

Jellyfish have been on Earth for over 650 million years. This is before sharks and dinosaurs.

Fried spiders taste like nuts.

Mosquitoes are attracted to the color blue more than any other color.

The Beginning of the Universe,
revealed to me through a lot of marijuana
a little reading
and two tabs of acid

God slept
only it wasn't called God then
it wasn't called anything
we would call it nothing
no-thing because things
only know themselves through other I's
a bumping of rolling balls
like a single spherical eye
sitting amidst oblivion
unblinking
the eye begins shaking
with a waking hunger
to gaze upon another
so like a cell beginning
mitosis the eye said
you have to draw the line somewhere
and split

Standard Deviations

Should diffracted electrons convince us of particle-wave duality
with any more certainty than pictures of Bigfoot
heat signatures found in haunted houses
or the parade of eye witnesses in the Disclosure Project
convert me to other fringe faiths?

No matter how many ex-military men
NASA employees or radio control tower operators
reveal stories of super fast cigar-shaped craft
blurred photos and plaster casts
are so much easier to debunk
than long division.

Physicists describing how the differential equations
point definitively to the wave function of each atom
can't lay their equations out like extraterrestrial corpses
on CNN. Even though they may be as unsettling as a dead alien
with big black bug eyes being dissected in black and white.

Awaiting the Witching Hour

I was dreaming about Barack Obama
winning the Virginia caucus
when I woke slowly into the belchy smell
of old rum and vaporized marijuana
the audio still running
in the dream theatre
in my head Obama still talking
into the fuzzy first moments of reality

he said
empty your pockets take out that pen
and write this down
twelve
midnight
something
is going to happen

then the dream Barack hung up
and I was fully awake with a pen stroking a twelve
into the flesh of my left hand
not sure why I was listening
to the dream-wraith Obama
who happened to hang to the curtains
as they closed on last night's sideshow
blurry mindbender circus
shouting crazy gibberish as the crowd
walks back out the red curtain to real life

now somewhere inside my head Obama is smirking
because I've been staring at this damn twelve
all day
and I'm convinced aliens will probably abduct me
at midnight they'll land on my roof and pull me out
blue lights shining through every window
gray play-doh leprechauns with big eyes peeking in
Obama told us to pick you up
they'll say
he's one of ours
come to reclaim this planet

or CNN will show footage
of Obama levitating over a crowd in Detroit
at midnight eyewitnesses report
the energy in the arena rose to such a fervor
that Obama just fucking lifted off the platform
and flew into the air
while the crowd sang halleluiah
or maybe
some place where wheat grows in February
the stalks will lay down at midnight
bend and twist into the shape
of our next president's face
a blessing from the alien ambassadors themselves
drawn in an arcane etch-a-sketch
a biosphere blog post
our primitive minds might comprehend

Milking the Sasquatch

Pao Shonk, my sherpa guide
tells me the Sasquatch stretch
human skin over newari wood
to make their drums
and beat them with our bones

He points a trembling finger
through the Gopeni forest
to Sasquatch City
then runs when my money
is in his hand
“Goodbye, Yeti meat!” he yells

Yeti warriors
will respond to a song
or so said the crazy shaman
back in Bakaiya
as he shook his head
eyes white as eggs

I sang of exile
I sang of longing
I sang a serenade
to the Sasquatch
begging them to love me
like a lost Sasquatch child

Oh bhaga wan
dye aye tal aye
Oh bhaga wan
dye aye tal aye
Yea oh bi hoo
Gena ha beoi

When Yeti children wish to be fed
they howl songs of hunger
to mother

Caroo tulutoo
Carung galung

Caroo tulutoo
Carung galung
Baroh ai ooh
Baroh ai ooh

Singularity Transmutation

Iron face boarder guards
silicon soldiers roll screaming
across a bone yard
grey desert land blasted
rice tables drained of life
abandoned to the electric hoard

shadows crawl across
a lake of ash
black dust death shroud
covers the ground
rains down radioactive
acid snow
muting the singularity's glow

whorls of dust drift over the deathscape
inauthentic ash wraiths
camouflage for a last task
hominid terrorists in silicon city
wear black sack cloth to hide
human skin forbidden within
the circle of death

fleshy freedom fighters
charge an emp surprise
huddle near the edge
glowing cybernetic circle
situated twenty seven miles
from singularity ground zero
where the first superhuman intellect
kicked on and immediately melted
into homicidal insanity

Interstellar Pilgrims

I was on duty when the warning came in
cigar tube bogeys over London
circling Big Ben like buzzards
foo fighters firing red lasers.
“Impossible!” the co shouted
“little green men patrolling the skies?
Ignore the warning it must be a joke.”

A swarm of blips over the Atlantic
moving like bees toward our shores
red shafts of light searching
gouging hot gashes into the earth.
Soldiers to your stations this is not a drill.

Occasionally we sneak into the hills
and see their silver dome settlements
glimmering in the distance.
They spread silicon tentacles everywhere
erasing all remnants of our existence.

Most survivors huddle in dark bunkers
afraid to brave open ground.
Seven months later and the saucers still circle
like robot drones flash frying all signs of life
lasering men like American settlers
shot buffalo--
lazily and for no obvious reason.

Response to a Commune Invitation

you've got to be kidding me
sitting there
telling me with those
doe eyes
the plight of humanity
gingerly coaxing me
over to your neo-Amish
farm-hippie revolution
when all I'm really thinking about
is how good you'd look
in a pair of coveralls
asking me to come
back to the farm with you
start a family
maybe a commune
a Midwestern version
of Gilligan's Island
you'd be Mary Ann
we'd need a Ginger
I can be Gilligan
fuck the professor
and those old people too
they would want us to
grow vegetables
they'd crowd out our bumper
crop of cannabis
caution us against
eating the shrooms
under the cow shit
(it was the mushrooms
that told us to do this
in the first place
Terrance McKenna decrypted
their sacred texts like Joseph Smith)
baby
it just can't be done
1.21 gigawatts ago
we passed the point of no return
be a realist
look at New York City

are you going to be
the back-to-nature ambassador
who stands on the Brooklyn Bridge
shouting
“Come back to the farm, you’ve been here long enough!”

forget about it

soon enough we’ll have robots
and all sorts of other neat
tech toys
that will make you totally forget
all that hippie horseshit:
climate change
crop circles
Amazonian deforestation
alien abduction
the contaminated water supply
trans-dimensional travel
declining levels of fossil fuels
cattle mutilation
any of those soilent green
conspiracy theories
so relax and
for god’s sake
buy yourself an ipod

Sun Meditation

you know the place
where ice cream burns
when you eat it too fast
right around there

reside in the third eye
center of the forehead
just behind the wall
dark valley in the skull

between the lobes
lightning storm
dynamo hot
generator of thought

photons wormhole through
light sipped like sun milk
drinking straw dipped
in the stream of the sun

a simple slurping of
luminous nourishment
old as cell wall shields
separating life from radiation

listen to the sun
speak language of original self
enlightenment filtered through
the cosmic hole in your head

Coagulation

The most senior crayon maker Emerson Moser retired after making 1.4 billion crayons for Crayola. It was then he revealed that he was actually colorblind.

The parents of Albert Einstein were worried that he was mentally slow because it took him a long time to learn how to speak.

Tycho Brahe, a 16th century astronomer, lost his nose in a duel with one of his students over a mathematical computation. He wore a silver replacement nose for the rest of his life.

Scientists have performed brain surgery on cockroaches.

Marie Curie, the Nobel Prize winning scientist who discovered radium, died of radiation poisoning.

Alexander Graham Bell never telephoned his wife or mother because they were both deaf.

Charles Darwin spent 39 years studying earthworms.

Albert Einstein was offered the presidency of Israel in 1952, but he declined.

T'ai Chi

open the gates by twisting and stretching the locks
release the flood that waits behind
energy container's hidden doors
white crane flaps its wings settles down

gentle monkey bear movements grip the body
in a magnetic trance pulling arms and legs
like rushing water around a standing figure
center of a river of gravitational energy

arms floating naturally in the pull of the stream
grasp birds tail then wave hands like clouds
each twist and flex repeated like from a dream
conscious mind gives way to muscle memory

brush push past all that into the present moment
move with the breath each exhale a burst of chi
energy flowing through the entire body
like underground rivers spinning mills
grinding the body's inner grist

Gamer Juice
(the ayahuasca rap)

one of the four
fantastic
call me
mr elastic
bend in any
shape
mind can create
reality is plastic
chugging pure
yellow gamer juice
sizzurp
we get spastic
like tiger style
tai-chi
fighting
ADHD
and halo 3

gamers get manic
battle rifles blastin
in a panic
attack from too many
bong hits
ripped out about
two thousand
twelve
i-ching says
December 21st
a bad day
for oil barons
and anyone else
who breathes air
drinks water
walks the earth
with artificial fire

quetzelquatl comin back
plumed serpent
pissed as hell

Pinchbeck got the download
straight to his brain
confirmed by the hopi
thunderbird
an Amazonian shaman
feeling the ayahuasca flow
was the third
who saw what is to come
all played out
like a movie trailer
on a canoe trip
through the netherworld

we were tripping balls
when those hippie bastards
screaming disaster
said grab your
four footers
run for the hills
kali gonna kill ya
faster than master chief
can reload a rocket launcher

collapse of civilization
economic implosion
Exxon sponsored
project mayhem
or just another
acid trip
either way
we're hanging
solar panels
clean energy
insurance
assuring
we can still play x-box

Extermephie SOB

I was the first to arrive at the scene of the crash
Maverick overheating in the desert sun
south of Salt Lake, Utah.

Stepping out into a dust storm
to find the ground deviled red
with raspberry jelly spewed
from the giant Krispy Kreme
that crash landed near by.

Marvin was the ruptured donut's real name
like the cartoon character with the P-38 space modulator
Marvin came from Mars
where he'd been collecting soil samples
for NASA until they lost contact suspecting
his communications systems had been corrupted
by dust from the soil samples.

Soil couldn't crack his titanium case
split his super dense foam shell
spread like a rash across the desert
and smell like month-old strawberry yogurt.

Marvin found a hitchhiker from the hellish
freezing dunes of the red planet. An extremeophile
organism able to survive in conditions unlike any on Earth.

The smelly extremeophile son-of-a-bitch was a job for the boys in rubber
suits
but I just stood there slack-jawed glazed in sweat and listening as it said:

"Hey monkey man did you see that?
Did you see that wicked ride?
Rode that thing like a pro and totally
totally nailed the landing."

My mind spasmed at the ugly alien intelligence emanating
from the writhing red goo the voice like a million screaming insects said:

"Man your planet looks lame!
I think I'll redecorate here too."

Procrastinator's Theorem

The solution can be derived through a simple equation taking into account four key variables, each of which can be quantified by questionnaire:

The first is a measurement of confidence in ability to complete a given task, for instance, if you ask yourself "Am I smart enough to do this?" and the answer is 'no' the motivation to make an attempt will be quite low.

C=confidence

The second measures how pleasant the task is the subconscious seems drawn to good feelings and easy living especially during spring break. Would you prefer to drink a beer or do the dishes?

P=pleasure

The third is similar to an ADD test of focal endurance. Excessive television watching has most people trained to focus only as long as the commercials last. Studies show that the rate of download is affecting . . . wait, what was I talking about? Oh, yeah!

D=distraction

The final variable is easily defined, measuring the elapse of time between task and reward. A prize deferred will not be as provocative as immediate satisfaction, especially in the age of internet when gratification occurs at the rate of download.

R=reward

Multiply confidence (C) by pleasure (P) then distraction (D) by reward (R) the product can be divided $(C \times P) / (D \times R)$ to find utility (U) or the likelihood that you will start the task immediately.

This Crude Matter

“Luminous beings are we, not this crude matter.” --Yoda

atomic pointillism
billions of resonating particles
star forged and stuck together
assembling the tree of life
to grow pulpy cosmic berries
ripe and full of water
from the eternal energy
spring of life like a river of light
felt flowing through our bodies
in quiet moments
chords and fibres carrying
muscle memory
molecules shaking magnetically
conduits of zero point energy
fleshy robot shells fused with
living electricity
matter and spirit transmuted
into a temporal entity
vessel for divinity
that crawled
out of the sea
hitchhikers on
a speeding comet
that collided
randomly
fusion of time and
eternity
matter and mystery
accident or destiny

Communion

welcome to the cosmic feast
where the splitting atom is
breaking unleavened bread
leavings of the big bang
dinner cooked for a king kong
hunger big enough
to plunge itself
into entropy
lacking distinct personality
aware
but unable to stare in on itself
singularity
glass bowl filled with eternal energy
original self
bubbling up all over the earth
conceived and sustained by myth and mystery
forming the soapy stuff we call reality
screaming from every atom
don't be afraid of entropy

Entelechy

The ribosomes want to know where they'll go
when the cell walls collapse and they die.

when their protein processing days come to an end
will they migrate to the big golgi apparatus in the sky?

Naturally, the chromosomes stay silent on the subject
always staring inward with a look of stern calculation

considering the code in their nucleotide sequences
shivering like monks in meditative vibration.

The liver prays Hail Marys while metabolizing toxins
hoping for life after liver failure with trust in the holy mother.

No reason to hope for a transplant.
No reincarnation for the liver of a whiskey lover.

The liver metabolizes carbohydrates, lipids, and liquor
comfortably wrapped in the web of its visceral peritoneum.

The ribosomes keep assembling their proteins
down in the rough endoplasmic reticulum.

The chromosomes sing vespers worshiping
the Great Nucleus that binds all cells together.

The Giver of Mana, Master of Amino Acids
King who demands their strands be sacrificially severed.

Releasing their nucleotidal imagination
they create a God Man with their thoughts.

Meditating on this mystery
they worship what they've wrought.

End Notes

1: The Large Hadron Collider is the largest particle accelerator in the world. It is located in Geneva, Switzerland.

2: In 1980, Glenn Seaborg transmuted bismuth into gold, using a particle accelerator, though the amount of energy used and the microscopic quantities that were created would negate any possible financial benefit.

3: Qin Shi Huangdi was Chinese emperor from 221-210BC. It is believed he died after taking an alchemical elixer of everlasting life, which contained large amounts of mercury.

4: Frogger is an arcade game introduced in 1981.

5: After the Shrodinger equation revealed the comforting world of discrete, localized particles was actually an omnipresent phantsmic haze of statistical probablilities, an incredulous Einstein referred to it as the Gespensterfeld or “ghost field.”

DMT is a naturally occurring tryptamine and potent psychedelic drug, found not only in many plants, but also in trace amounts in the human body wherein its natural function is undetermined.

6: Amusia is the condition in which a person is unable to hear music.

7: The material in this poem was derived from an article by Ben Crystall in *New Scientist*, 29 December 2007.

8: “Buddah” is a slang term for marijuana.

9: Some of the content in this poem was derived from The Tao of Physics, *Chapter 3: Beyond Language*, by Fritjof Capra.

10: In probability and statistics, the standard deviation of a probability distribution, random variable, population or multiset of values is a measure of the spread of its values.

11: Entelechy is a greek word that translates to English as “having the end within itself.”